

Good Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

48

UNSOLVED CRIMES—No. 3

THE BODY OF THE GIANT in the THAMES



A new picture of charming Gene Tierney, the glamorous 20th Century Fox star, who plays one of her greatest parts in "Thunder Birds"—a film you should see when you can.

THERE is a grave in Ilford Cemetery which is that of a nameless man. He was a giant. And he was murdered. The Thames police, who patrol the river in their little boats, were hailed one summer morning in 1897 by some workmen at Carron Wharf, below Blackfriars Bridge, and told that "something" was floating downward in the stream.

The police fished the "something" out. It was a dead body, but no ordinary body. This man was more than six feet four inches in height. He had the development of an athlete. There was gold in his teeth. His hair and eyes were brown. He had a small, clipped moustache. And he was stark naked.

Around his throat was a cord, tied tightly. His arms and legs had been trussed as if he had been a professional escapist; only this time he hadn't escaped. The rope used was the line of a ship's log, and the knots were seamen's knots. The doctors said this man had been strangled, not drowned, and thrown into the river afterwards.

A Pauper's Grave.

An inquest was held, according to law, and the verdict was "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown." They shovelled the corpse into a pauper's grave at Ilford.

The authorities thought that was the finish; but it wasn't. Shortly afterwards an excited woman came to them and declared that the man was her husband. She told a remarkable story.

The name of her husband,

she said, was Ludwig Von Veltheim, a German. She herself was Greek. Her husband had come to England some months previously, speaking several languages perfectly. He had become acquainted with her family—which had a considerable fortune—and had married her secretly at Kensington register office.

But a few weeks after the wedding she had a visitor. This was an Australian girl, who came to inform her that Von Veltheim was already married to her, the Australian girl, and the marriage had taken place some years before. The Greek bride immediately cabled to her relations in

Greece of the insult she had suffered; and the relatives—at least one or two—started for Britain to avenge the family.

For Revenge

Then the Australian bride issued her further statement: She declared that Von Veltheim had been done to death by the Greeks; that she herself forgave her husband his bigamy, but intended to devote her life to avenging his foul death.

Whereupon the Home Office was approached for permission to open the coffin of the man found in the Thames to see if he was Von Veltheim. Madame Von Veltheim was present, and dramatically declared that this was her husband. The gold teeth clue.

A private hotel keeper also identified the body as Von Veltheim. That seemed to close the book, as it were—except for the Australian bride's threat of revenge.



near East India Dock, talking, in a pub., to some sailors. They were off a foreign-going ship. Some were Swedes, some Greeks, some Lascars, some British. The story of Von Veltheim came up.

A Greek's Story

In a corner of the saloon sat a muscular seaman, a Greek, getting on in years, but still hale and hearty. He could talk English like a native.

"I know the truth," he said quietly. "I know about that." He entered into a long story, which can only be outlined here. There were three men with whom he had once sailed, three Greeks, one with a master's certificate, but berthed as a seaman. They were after Von Veltheim for their own private vengeance. They trailed him in London when he ran away from his brides. They knew he was going aboard a passenger ship; but they lost him in the Strand.

They picked him up at Fenchurch Street as he entered a hotel near the station. They entered, too. Von Veltheim was standing at a bar, the public bar; but he was disguised as a rather shabbily dressed man. So they thought.

They doped his drink, got him away in a cab. And down towards the river they took him, bundled him out of the cab, tied him up, took him to a wharf, throttled him, and threw him in the river.

They did not knock him on the head. There was no need.

The Greek who told me this story added that he was on board the ship in which these murderers sailed—as part of the crew. The ship was delayed before she cleared the Thames; and during the delay the revelation came that they had killed the wrong man.

The man they had murdered was an American, mate of a trader from Philadelphia. When he didn't return to his ship it was thought he had jumped her.

So the murderers were in a fix. If they left their ship to go after the real Von Veltheim they might be arrested for deserting—or even for murder. They stayed on board; but when their ship touched at Cherbourg they slipped ashore, and were never seen again. Their goods were sold by auction to the remainder of the crew.

I asked the Greek why he didn't go to the London police and tell them all this.

"Why should I?" he replied. "I would have been held. I would have lost my berth. I have seen so many things happen in ports. . . I mind my own business. Don't you?"

So I did not ask if he was one of the three.

I cannot vouch for this story. I had no means of proving it, or otherwise. But I give it now; and I believe it is a possible explanation of a mystery that has never been otherwise explained. It sounds likely, doesn't it?

STUART MARTIN.

SECOND FRONT

A WAR REVIEW BY AL MALE

"GOOD morning, Mrs. Bloggs . . . a bit late, aren't you? You know it's Monday . . . my busy day?"

"Yes, ma'am, I know it's Monday all right . . . an' that's why I'm late, ma'am."

"I'm sure I don't see what that has to do with it, Mrs. Bloggs."

"Well, of course you wouldn't, ma'am . . . seein' as 'ow you never frequents 'otels like, ma'am."

"What on earth are you talking about, woman . . . you're late . . . and I'm reminding you of the fact . . . that's all there is to it."

"Oh, no, it isn't all there is to it, ma'am . . . There's much more than that."

"I can't make head nor tail of you, Mrs. Bloggs . . . Please start on the scullery immediately."

"Maybe I will . . . an' maybe I won't, ma'am . . . This war is over, ma'am . . . an' I'm bein' no slave for nobody, ma'am."

"You must be mad, woman, to talk such rot. . . War over, indeed . . . tut, tut, why do I waste my time listening to you?"

'Arry Never Lies

"Listen, ma'am . . . when 'Arry Bloggs says a thing, it is so, an' when he reads his papers yesterday he said, 'Missus,' he said, 'this war's as good as finished . . . we'll celebrate to-night, at the Green Cheese.'"

"An' did we? I'll say we did . . . got quite matey like. 'Come on, chaps,' sez 'Arry. 'Drinks on me,' before I could even smell the Cheese . . . and before I'd sat miself down, so

to speak, there was two ports nose into the first port, as a sailor mite say, when in walks Barney Buggins . . . you know, the bloke what I'm always tellin' you lives with 'Arry's widowed sister . . . some say they live in sin, but I know for a fact where they live . . . but I wouldn't breathe a word . . . not when it says all over the Cheese 'Careless Talk Costs Wives'."

Well, as I was sayin' . . . in walks Barney Buggins. 'What cheer, 'Arry boy,' he sez. . . 'Celebratin'?' I don't mind if I do, he sez, 'pint, an' a port for the missus.'

A Prophecy
"Grand news from Tunistia," says 'Arry, all intellectual like. 'Bissuka an' Tunist captured at baynet point . . . a million Jerries killed or captured, or swept into the sea. . . I'm tellin' you, Barney . . . this war's as good as over."

"Not by a hell of a sight," says Barney. 'Tain't started yet . . . in a matter o' speakin' . . . we've got 'em on the run. . . Oh, I'll admit that, 'Arry boy . . . I'll admit that . . . but . . . them Jerries is cunning devils . . . no, no. I wouldn't go so far as to say it was over yet, 'Arry boy,' e sez.

"First time I've ever 'eard you say you wouldn't go so far, an' mean it," says 'Arry's sister Nancy. 'Every time you've promised me you'd go steady you've overstepped the mark, Barney Buggins. . . Careful, indeed. . . All I 'ope is that you never get reckless . . .

not at my age, that is . . . 'I was only kiddin' . . . can't yer take a joke, Barney Buggins?'

Ruminating

"Steady, Nancy, old duck," sez Barney, 'no aspersions . . . where would you be without me? . . . You've soon forgotten all the soppy things you used to say over jellied eels at Charlie boy's, ain't yer? Wen



you used ter lean all over me shoulder, an' look inter me eyes, an' say 'Barney, if only I'd someone like you ter look arter me . . . I'd be as praad as Lucifer.' 'Stop kiddin'," I sed, 'an' who's Lucifer?' I sed, always thought it was swank fer match, an' you sed, 'It's a Greek god.' An' I sed, 'I'm not scolastic, Nan, ol' gal . . . but if ye're decided to tie up wi' me, yer'll never regret it!'

"Aw, come orf it," sez Nan,

"Less noise on Peace night, almost," sez 'Arry, all disgusted like . . . 'Ruddy misery, 'e is, an' me damn near bought the place in me time . . . Now I'm not doin' so well 'e's no time for me. Bloomin' haristocrat, 'e is . . . bloomin' haristocrat."

"I've never been called that before," sez Alf, all excited like, 'an' I'll not be called it again,' he sez, forgettin' hisself like, cos 'e went to school. 'E was an only child . . . though I did 'ear rumours, but 'never listen to evil tongs, I always sez . . . Come to think of it, though, 'is mother . . . ah, but that's another story I'll tell you, ma'am, when we're not so busy."

Trouble Brewing

"Well, ma'am, my 'Arry was just abart to drain 'is glass when, swish, comes across the saloon bar like, and me poor 'Arry was all covered in mild an' bitter."

"Don't you ever believe 'em, ma'am, when they say as this 'ere beer ain't got no body . . . it's a lie, an' I can prove it."

Seconds Out
"Before I could say 'What's yer 'urry?' to 'Arry, he was up and across the saloon bar . . . bing . . . bing . . . rite on Alf's dial . . . just like 'e used ter do at the old Wonderland,

But she had no need to execute that threat, for Von Veltheim was alive. And well.

From South Africa came the news that Von Veltheim was there. (He had been arrested on a grave charge, but he got away with it, only later to come to England, and here he was arrested on another charge and sent to penal servitude. This, by the way.)

The main point the authorities had 'o investigate was the identity of the giant found in the Thames. He was, in proportions, very similar to Von Veltheim. Both were giants, but they were not doubles. Again the sworn identification of witnesses was at fault.

Who, then, was the Thames giant? The police were baffled. They did not find a clue. They did not raise the ghost of a murder hunt. The unknown was put back into his grave.

A few years later I was down

ma'am. . . . You should 'ave seen 'im in those days, ma'am. 'Arry the Terror' everybody called 'im . . . an' between you and me, ma'am, as one woman to another like . . . 't was 'is 'e-man stuff wot got me . . . you know 'ow weak us women can be."

"An' Alf was done for, ma'am . . . yes, 'e'd stopped one of 'Arry's best, but Alf must 'ave learnt somethin' at school . . . it must 'ave been a cad's school like wot you 'ear on the wireless . . . 'e picked up a bottle, an' 'without sayin' 'If you please,' hit 'Arry right between the eyes. . . Oh, ma'am . . . I

fainted clean out . . . me wot's never done such a thing, though as woman to woman I must confess I nearly did when he accepted me like . . . you'll understand 'ow shy we women are, ma'am."

"And what's all this got to do with being late, Mrs. Bloggs?"

"Well, yer see, ma'am, 'Arry's in 'ospital, an' 'e only opened 'is eyes for the first time agen this mornin' . . . been unconsciencus all this time, 'e 'as."

"Oh . . . My p-o-o-r 'Arry. An' you wot said it was P-E-A-C-E."

Periscope Page

QUIZ for today

1. What is a speleologist?
2. What is (a) the Talmud, (b) the Koran?
3. What is the difference between assault and battery?
4. What is Scotch glue made from?
5. What famous banker kept tame fleas?
6. Why is the greyhound so called?
7. Where is the country churchyard of Gray's "Elegy"?
8. What was the name of King Arthur's sword?
9. Who was Mr. Jingle?
10. Who were (a) Long John Silver, (b) Little John, (c) John Halifax?
11. What is the meaning of "sine die"?
12. Where could one build a house with windows on all four sides facing north?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. A grey substance found in the sperm whale, used in perfumery.
2. A. P. Herbert.
3. Ladybird.
4. (a) Trollope, (b) Dumas, (c) Jerome K. Jerome.
5. An arch with a double curve.
6. (a) His poetry, (b) Mickey Mouse.
7. QWERTYUIOP.
8. (a) Pomegranate, (b) lily, (c) leek.
9. A lucky chance. Also a parasitic worm, part of an anchor, and a kidney potato.
10. In Westminster, London, 1868.
11. "Slop" comes from "Eci-lop," back-slang for "Police."
12. From "caliente forno," or "hot furnace."

NEMO of the NAUTILUS

FOR several days the *Nautilus* kept constantly away from the American coast. The captain evidently did not wish to frequent the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, or the seas of the Antilles. However, there would have been plenty of water, for the average depth of these seas is nine hundred fathoms; but probably these regions, strewn with islands and ploughed by steamers, did not suit Captain Nemo.

On the 16th of April we sighted Martinique and Guadaloupe, at a distance of about thirty miles. I caught a glimpse of their high peaks.

The Canadian, who counted upon putting his schemes into execution in the Gulf, either by reaching some land or hailing one of the numerous boats that coast from one island to another, was much put out. Flight would have been very practicable if Ned Land had been able to take possession of the boat without the knowledge of the captain. But in open ocean it was useless to think of it.

The Canadian, Conseil, and I had a rather long conversation on this subject. We had been prisoners on board the *Nautilus* for six months. We had come 17,000 leagues, and, as Ned

Adapted from Jules Verne's famous Novel

Land said, there seemed no end to it. He therefore made me a proposal that I did not expect. It was to ask Captain Nemo, once and for all, if he meant to keep us indefinitely in his vessel.

Such a proceeding was very repugnant to me, and I thought it useless. It was useless to expect anything from Captain Nemo, and we could only depend upon ourselves. Besides, for some time past, this man had become graver, more retiring, less sociable. He seemed to avoid me. I only met him at rare intervals. Formerly he took some pleasure in explaining the submarine marvels to me; now he left me to my studies and came no more to the saloon.

I therefore begged Ned Land to reflect well before acting. If what he did had no result, it would only excite suspicion and make our situation more painful. I may add that I could in no wise complain of our health. The wholesome food, the salubrious atmosphere, the regular life, the uniformity of temperature, prevented illness, and for a man to whom the remembrance of earth left no regret, for a Captain Nemo in his own vessel, I understand such an existence. But we had not broken all ties that bound us to humanity. For my own part, I did not wish my curious and novel studies to be buried with

me. I had now the right of writing a true account of the sea, and I wished for that account to appear sooner or later.

On the 20th of April we rose to an average depth of 700 fathoms. The nearest land was then the archipelago of the Bahamas, scattered like a heap of stones on the surface of the sea. There rose high submarine cliffs, straight walls of corroded blocks, amongst which were black holes that our electric rays did not light up to their depths.

These rocks were carpeted with large herbs, giant laminariae, gigantic fucus, hydrophytes worthy of a world of Titans.

From speaking of these colossal

JANE



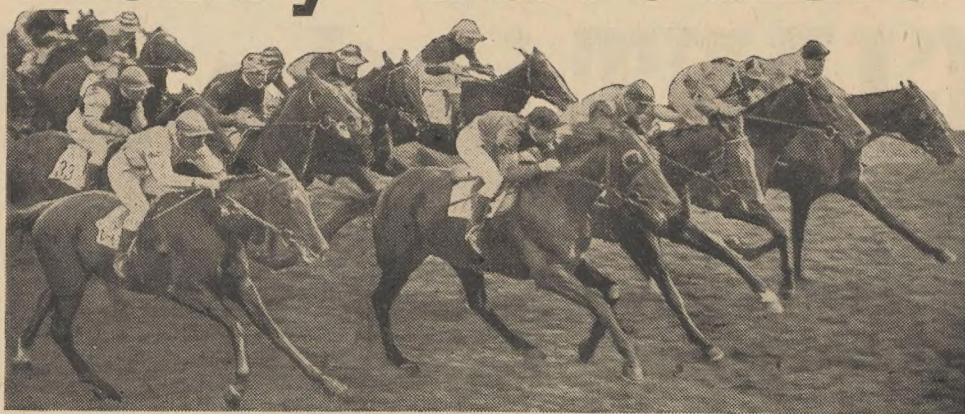
THERE IS COSMOS CASTLE — YOUR HUSBAND'S PALACE — AND VIRTUAL PRISON!



THE FASCIST GUARDS WOULD PREVENT YOUR ENTRANCE — BUT YOUR MAJESTY IS A MOUNTAINEER — SHE IS NOT AFRAID OF HEIGHTS!!

THREE-MINUTE THRILLER

Derby Favourite



THE Chief Constable of Thameshire combined a passion for racing with a profound admiration for Mrs. Pym, Scotland Yard's only woman Deputy Assistant Commissioner.

And when the Wreybury tragedy occurred, the Chief Constable asked London for its ace detective.

The Killer?

"I see. I'm not interested in racehorses, but I understand how you feel." Mrs. Pym glanced at Shott, that ardent racing man. "Is Greatorex a killer?"

The silence was impressive, then Sir Henry Morcombe and Shott explained Greatorex, racing, and the Derby, from which she gathered the fav-

ourite was a cross between an angel in horseflesh and a wronged saint.

The party went first to the local mortuary, where the body of the dead trainer was lying. Tim Hackett's head showed clearly where Greatorex's hoof had landed.

It was not Mrs. Pym's job to arrest a horse for murder, though she was introduced to Greatorex, whose beauty was undeniable, and whose spirit was shown in the way he objected to visitors. Every man in the Wreybury stables denied that Greatorex could have killed his trainer, yet the facts were there. Hackett had visited the horse at night, his usual habit, for he was anxious. The race was in five days' time, and Greatorex was the darling of the public.

Upside Down

Mrs. Pym had a final interview with the Chief Constable. Shott stood at her side, despondent at failure.

"I don't see what I can say, Sir Henry. Greatorex undoubtedly kicked Hackett to death. You say you're holding a man named Glossop on suspicion?"

"Dammit, yes! Hackett dismissed him a fortnight ago. Glossop's a bad lot, and he was found in the vicinity of the stables when my men arrived. But you say Greatorex did it?" Mrs. Pym nodded. "I hate to admit that it seems so. It'll turn things upside-down. You can imagine how I feel about Greatorex—the public distaste

will do a lot of harm, and cranks will do the rest."

"Sir Henry!" Mrs. Pym's eyes narrowed. "What a fool I am! Can you give me ten minutes alone with Glossop?"

When she returned, her strong face was amiable, and she was nodding like a Chinese mandarin.

(Solution on Page 3)

ODD CORNER

POPULAR authors often drop bricks, but none quite so many as "Ouida," the lady novelist. The unconventional behaviour of the stroke in her rowing eight is famous: "All rowed fast, but none rowed faster than he."

Arnold Bennett, in "Lord Raingo," wrote: "Her beautiful face was palest ivory; not a spot of rose in it anywhere, save the lips and the blue eyes."

Maud Diver, in "Coombe St. Mary's," said: "Of course he wanted Daphne in the bows, facing him, while he sculled." And even Rider Haggard, in the early editions of "King Solomon's Mines," describes an eclipse

of the sun as being followed by a moonlit night. In later editions an eclipse of the moon was substituted.

Try to picture this one, by Phillips Oppenheim in his "False Evidence": "We rolled over and over in a fierce embrace, his teeth almost meeting in my hand, which held him by the throat." Try it when you feel the need of exercise.

Gilbert Frankau, in "Life and Erica," wrote: "She was staring, not quite certain of its identity, at a smooth, magnolia-white face, with two eyes set luminously under wide, sensual nostrils." Of course, the owner of the face may have been standing on her head, but...

Figure These Out

YOU may have noticed what a persistent figure 9 is. You just can't get rid of it. Multiply any number you like by 9, and the figures in the answer will always add up to make 9 again. For example, 9×2 is 18, and 8 plus 1 make 9. Again, 9×339 is 3051, adding up to 9; and 9×433 is 3897, adding up to 27, and 2 plus 7 make 9.

No matter how far you go, the result is always the same. Multiply 987654321 by 9, and the answer is 888888889, adding up to 81, and 8 plus 1 make 9.

Here is another of number 9's funny little ways. Take any number you like, say, 512584; reverse it and subtract the smaller number from the larger. Thus:—

512584
485215
27369

The digits in the answer add up to 27, and 2 plus 7 make 9. It always happens.

And here is a job for life. Take any number—say, 15. Multiply it by itself, making 225. Multiply that answer by itself, and that answer by itself. And so on for 15 times.

You may not think it, but that little job of work will take you about twenty-five years to accomplish, and the final answer will have nearly 40,000 figures in it. Five hundred million figures will be used in the operation.

Answer to Yesterday's Chicken Problem

Counting Chickens: The total number was 1,025. The first gang stole 342, the second 171, and the third 103.

Send your
Stories, Jokes
and Ideas
to the Editor

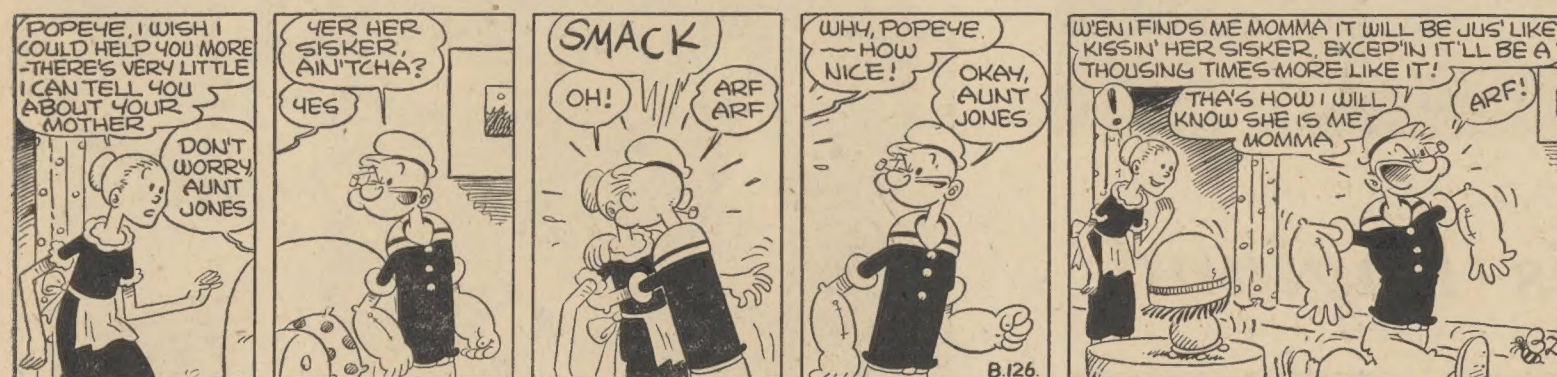
Beelzebub Jones



Belinda



Popeye



Ruggles



NEMO OF THE NAUTILUS

"I am sorry for that," replied Conseil. "I should like to contemplate face to face one of those poulps I have heard so much talk about, that can drag ships down to the bottom of the sea. Those animals are called krakens."

"None will ever make me believe that such animals exist," said Ned Land.

"Why not?" answered Conseil. "We all believed in monsieur's narwhal."

"We were wrong, Conseil."

"Certainly, but others believe in it still."

"That is probable, Conseil; but, for my part, I am quite decided only to admit the existence of these monsters after I have dissected one with my own hand."

"Then," asked Conseil, "monsieur does not believe in gigantic poulps?"

"Who the dickens does?" cried the Canadian.

"Many people, friend Ned."

"No fishermen. Savants do, rhaps."

"Excuse me, Ned, both fishers and savants."

"Are there any caught now?" asked the Canadian.

"If they are not caught, sailors see them. One of my friends, Captain Paul Bos, of Havre, has often affirmed to me that he had met with one of these colossal monsters in the Indian seas. But the most astonishing fact, which puts the existence of these gigantic animals beyond all doubt, occurred a few years ago—in 1861."

"What fact is that?" asked Ned Land.

"In 1861, in the north-east of Teneriffe, nearly in the same latitude as we are in now, the crew of the despatch-boat Alecton perceived a monstrous calamary swimming in its waters. The commander, Bouguer, approached the animal and attacked it with harpoons and cannon without much success, for cannon-balls and harpoons traversed the soft, fleshlike jelly. After several fruitless attempts the crew succeeded in

throwing a running noose round the body of the mollusc; this noose slipped down to the caudal fins and there stopped. They tried to haul the monster on board, but its weight was so great that the cord cut its tail from its body, and, deprived of that ornament, it disappeared under the water."

"A fact at last," said Ned Land.

"And an indisputable fact, Ned. They proposed to call this poulp a 'Bouguer calamary.'"

"How long was it?" asked the Canadian.

"Did it not measure about eighteen feet?" said Conseil, who posted at the window, was again examining the anfractuosités of the cliff.

"Precisely," I replied.

"Was not its head crowned with eight tentacles that moved about in the water like a nest of serpents?"

"Precisely."

"And were not its eyes prominent and very large?"

"Yes, Conseil."

"And was not its mouth a veritable parrot's beak, but a formidable beak?"

"Yes, Conseil."

"Well, then, if monsieur will please to come to the window, he will see, if not the Bouguer calamary, at least one of its brethren."

I looked at Conseil. Ned Land rushed to the window.

"The frightful animal!" he cried. I looked in my turn, and could not restrain a movement of repulsion. Before my eyes was a monster worthy to figure in tetralogical legends.

(Continued in No. 49)

Puzzled Milkman

The milk dealer had 25 milk bottles; seven full, seven half-full, and seven empty. He had to divide them into three equal portions, each consisting of seven bottles, containing equal amounts of milk, without pouring any of the milk into other bottles. How did he do it?

THEY SAY—WHAT DO YOU SAY?

HISTORICAL FACTS.

If all disputable facts were cast out as weeds, few herbs would be left in the gardens of ancient history.

Mr. Desmond MacCarthy.

AGRICULTURE.

In spite of all the handicaps with which we started and the difficulties created by shortage of fertilisers, feeding stuffs, and man-power, agriculture has become in war-time vigorous, efficient and highly productive. There are many excellent reasons why that improvement must be maintained in peace-time.

Sir John Philipps.

A GLORIOUS TIME.

As people look forward to the days after the war they sometimes talk of the glorious time to come of itself. But it will not; it will come only if we are ready with discipline as real, if of a different sort in many ways, as that to which we have submitted in the war.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

DISTRIBUTION.

The most important of the many social and economic problems involved in the planning of the "world we want" is that of the production and distribution of food supplies essential to maintain human life and avoid devastating disease in the chief countries of the world.

Sir Richard Gregory
(Pres. of British Association).

COLLECTIVE ENDEAVOUR.

The achievement of freedom from economic aggression is an integral and essential part of the task to which humanity must dedicate its collective wisdom and endeavour: the creation of an enduring peace when the war is won.

Mr. Sumner Welles.

CO-ORDINATED PLANNING.

An overriding necessity of post-war planning will be the co-ordination of the different interests concerned, such as transport of all kinds, redistribution of industry, needs of housing, etc. The full implication of these cannot be realised until the first sketches have been made for a master plan of Britain covering all aspects of physical reconstruction with concern for the whole country.

Mr. Arthur W. Kenyon, R.I.B.A.

WHY SAVE?

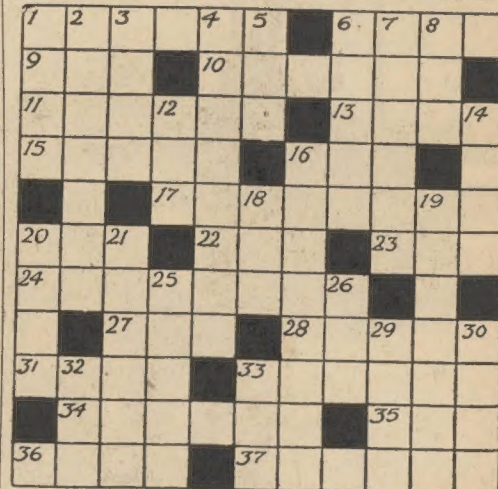
Saving means denying ourselves the means of enjoyment when we are young and can make the most of them in order that they may be available when we are old and cannot.

Professor C. E. M. Joad.

Solution to 3-minute Thriller

"I—er—persuaded Glossop to talk. He came down to nobble the favourite, for which he was well paid. He found a better way by disgracing the horse and getting even with Hackett. How did he do it? With a horse-shoe nailed to the side of a club. He stalked Hackett, hit him, and left him in Greatorex's box." Mrs. Pym smiled at their amazement. "I never realised it till Sir Henry talked about things being upside-down. The hoof mark on Hackett's head was the wrong way round, which meant Greatorex would have been lying on his back to administer such a kick—he's not that great a horse!"

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.
1 Drink judge.
6 Tumult.
9 Class.
10 Abilities.
11 Medical centre.
13 Vegetable.
15 Renown.
16 Poke.
17 Greens.
20 Small.
22 Weir.
23 Pinch.
24 Avoided.
27 Owns.
28 Dressed.
31 Water-bird.
33 Mellow.
34 Trading book.
35 Bronze.
36 Whirl round.
37 Videlicet.

CLUES DOWN.
1 Bedding cover. 2 Refers. 3 Slither. 4 Series of events. 5 Bird of fable. 6 Memento. 7 One of the U.S.A. 8 Custom. 12 Colloquial head. 14 Have charge of. 16 Sugar. 18 Inexperienced. 19 Generous. 20 Welfare. 21 Resounded. 25 Manually clever. 26 Speck. 29 Scottish island. 30 Gainsay. 32 Of age. 33 Persons.

AFFIX C TIC
SLED AURORA
HALL GROPE
GLEBE B C
BOO Y VISTA
UNWARRANTED
ISSUE L ONE
L G BEARS
DEPUED VAIN
ENURED OGLE
RAG G SWEET

Solution to Yesterday's Problem.

Good Morning

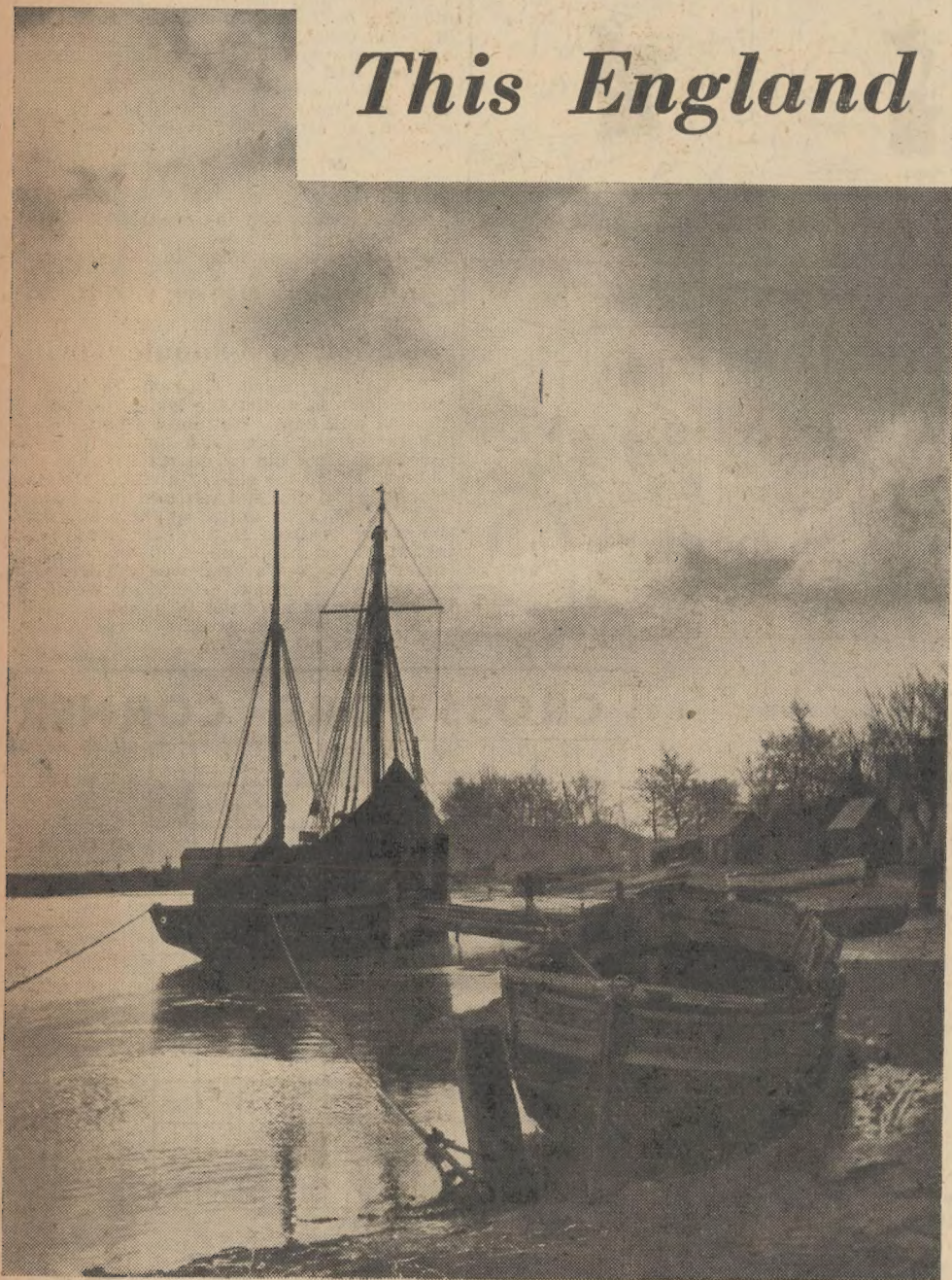
All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning," C/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

WE DIVE AT DAWN

This is another interesting scene from the film "We dive at Dawn," by Gainsborough Co. Hobson (Eric Portman standing) looks down on the unconscious German airman (Olaf Olsen) who has just been attacked by a fellow Nazi prisoner on board the submarine, John Mills, as Lt. Taylor (kneeling).



This England



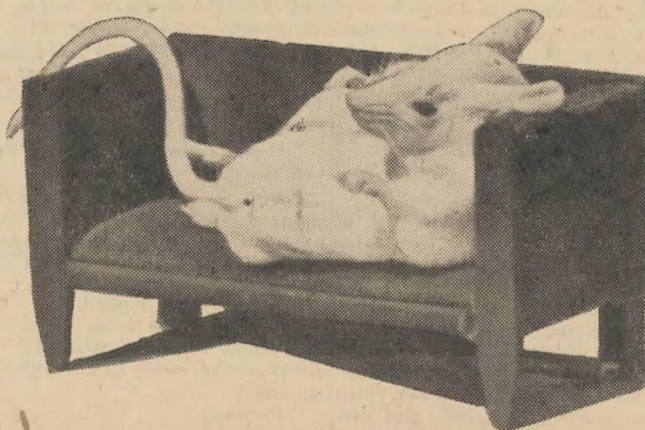
Mid-winter on the River Rother at Rye, Sussex, and the smack "Three Brothers" ties up for a well-earned rest. It's a cold sun which glistens on the water, but it is good to be home to the warmth of family and fireside.

"SUNNY"

Sort of makes you feel the freshness of England in summer. Darn it, we're throwing off our coats already.



A HANG-OVER



All right being an aristocrat among mice, but I wish they wouldn't fete me so. Gosh, I feel as though I'm doing a "tail spin."

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"If I could get out of this box, I'd make your ruddy tail spin!"

